

Issue Staff

Editor-in-Chief: Kent Roberts
Chief Decorative Officer: Kent Roberts
VP of Real-Time Stimuli: Kent Roberts
Outgoing Director of Frontal Lobes & Internal Administration: Kent Roberts
Incoming Director of Frontal Lobes & Internal Administration: Kent Roberts

Kent

Jan. 2018 #3 * Vol. 16 Iss. 3
The Head Injury Issue

Kenternet: TGIKent.com
Praise/Shame: tgikent@gmail.com
Love Notes: PO Box 6434,
Minneapolis, MN 55406-0434
Hotline (2/2/2018): 877-TGIKent
Handshakes: No palm-tickling.

*** a publication by and about Kent Roberts, and for the global community ***

First PO Box love letters received

by Kent Roberts

I have now received three love letters in the

official Kent Post Office Box. They will all be covered in the next issue. The one thing I

will say at this point is that all of them come from leadership roles within or affiliate

positions to the *Nell* publication (the first-ever *Kent* spinoff).

Kent lands yet another exclusive self-interview

by Kent Roberts

One of the most important public services provided by the Kent publication, in this reporter's opinion, is the series of exclusive self-interviews that have been landed by various members of the staff, including Features Editor Kent Roberts, Communications Editor Kent Roberts –

Kent: Let me interrupt you right there. You can't just ramble in introductions like that. G2TFP.
Kent: What are you, an acronym generator, a human acronophile?
Kent: Takes one to know one.
Kent: You could be working. Instead, you're coming up with –
Kent: Who says? Has anyone even looked it up? It might exist.

Kent: Oh, so you're casually plagiarizing someone?
Kent: What?! Do you know what plagiarism is?
Kent: Do you know?
Kent: I don't know. I'm transcribing this whole thing from the aliens, so maybe I'm ultimately plagiarizing them.
Kent: Fair enough.

Resistance corner

by Kent Roberts

I have had various head injuries: one while skiing, two from backyard football, and one from a bicycle accident. Safety was not my primary concern. But maybe it

is why my mind sometimes spins like a top and tells me that there is a team of shadowy professionals tracking my every move. Let's save others from this fate, despite the messages we are

getting from the President / Foreign Agent about how football players love to hit each others, insinuating that African-Americans are born violent. End the billionaire reign of terror.

Fact & Fiction About Kent Roberts

Fact: Kent Roberts once hit his head so hard that he thought his home was 500 miles and two states away.

Fiction: Kent once hit his head so hard that he thought he should eat double-cheeseburgers every night.

Kentphorism:

“If you are doing the same thing as Russian bots, you have to question your behavior.”

bacKent

Kentphorism:

“I like to think of life as a huge, impossible challenge.”

WORLD’S MOST CARTWHEELS-AND-HANDSTANDS BACKSIDE OF A PUBLICATION ABOUT KENT ROBERTS

avant-Kente: “KKK Qué Pasa?”

by MC Kent Roberts

Come by my house
You, me, and a piñata
I’ll bring burritos
For two, de nada

Señor, I do not know
Español very well
But I do know that you
Are going to hell

“My point? Your
breath reeks, man
Here, have a
pimiento
And listen up as I
Drop some
conocimiento ”

– MC Kent Roberts

Why? Cuz of your
Sheet and hood, muchacho
Plus you look like a Halloween
Freak, not macho.

Refrain (Gospel choir optional):

KKK

*¿Qué pasa?
Stop burning that cross
And take a siesta, boss.*

KKK
*¿Qué pasa?
Put down that noose
Ya drunk on crazy juice.*

KKK
*¿Qué pasa?
Quit playin’ that game
Ya know we all the same.*

KKK
*¿Qué pasa?
Throw away that rage
It’s the post-race age.*

I have a young niece
Named Maria, not Sarah
And you are not welcome
To her quinceañera

Because your mind is
Off-track beyond all recognition
The only way you get in is
As an assistant to the magician

Or if you dance the robot
While confessing your sins,
Say 1964 Haily Mary’s,
And that the Union wins.

Refrain

Let’s go to the park
And walk your perro
Have a chat
And make your mind less narrow

What made you
So angry, madre-ffer?
Is it because
Your wife’s a heifer?

I know it’s because
You think you’re channeling God
But check the transmission
It’s from a cephalopod

Refrain

There were many, many onions
In the tacos we ate
Having a chemical reaction
With your white hate.

My point? Your breath reeks, man
Here, have a pimiento
And listen up as I
Drop some conocimiento

You took the día de los
Muertos too literal, friend
All “good” things – even
Lynchings – must come to an end.

Refrain (optional fadeout)